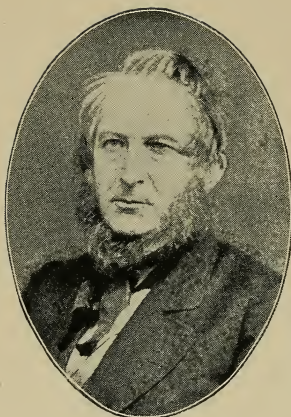


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# COLLEGE STORIES



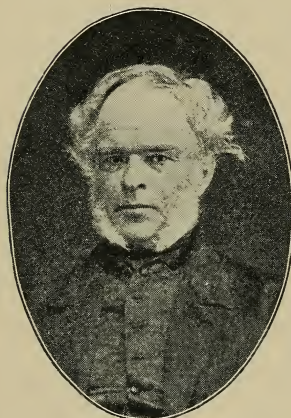




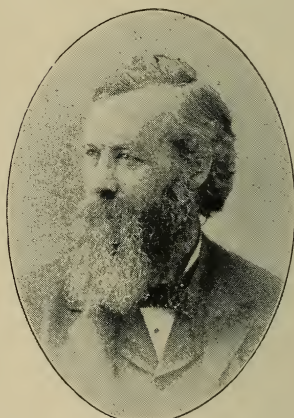
DR. HENRY P. TAPPAN,  
FORMER PRES. OF U. OF M.  
1852-63.



PROF. ANDREW D. WHITE,  
FORMER PRES. OF CORNELL.  
1857-67.



PROF. GEORGE P. WILLIAMS,  
OF LIT. DEPARTMENT.  
1841-81.



PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL,  
OF LIT. DEPARTMENT.  
1853-90.

STORIES  
AND  
AMUSING INCIDENTS

IN  
The Early History  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

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U. of M. Stories of Ye Olden Time. Wit and Wisdom in the  
Early History of the U. of M. Fun and Frolic of  
the Old Boys during the War Times.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.:  
REGISTER PUBLISHING CO., PRINTERS  
1895.



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## PREFACE.

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I have compiled these stories and incidents of the early history of the University of Michigan, because they should be preserved, and with the hope that valuable additions may, in the future, be added to the small number here presented. Not that they are important historical events, or present conditions that are worthy of imitation; but they are facts connected with our immature early history, that may, in a measure, serve as mile stones, to mark and indicate the extent and rapidity of our progress. We sincerely hope and believe that this narration will not at all tend to revive these old and worn out customs. We are pleased to note that the University has outgrown nearly everything of this nature, and let our motto ever be "*Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum.*"

Read these old stories as pleasant remembrances of the past, laugh at the wit, enjoy the fun, then gently lay them aside as an old and worn out garment, now only useful to recall old associations, and remind us of the kind hearts and generous souls of the Old Boys of Ye Olden Times.

NOAH W. CHEEVER.

ANN ARBOR, February 1, 1895.





STORIES  
AND  
AMUSING INCIDENTS  
IN THE EARLY HISTORY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

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**DR. GEORGE P. WILLIAMS.**

Dr. George Palmer Williams was professor of mathematics in the literary department of the University, for a long period before the Civil War, and for some time afterwards. He had full charge of that department at the time the events occurred that I am about to relate. To understand these college stories it will be necessary to know a little something about Dr. Williams. Dr. Williams, at this time, was at middle life, or a little past; was of medium height, straight, square shouldered, somewhat portly, with a large head and a heart much

larger than his head. He was always neatly dressed, but he always wore a smile that would amply cover any defects of personal attire. His extreme good nature and affability seemed to be always present. I believe that if the good Doctor had been routed out of bed in the middle of the night, he would have greeted the interpollator with a smile. He always entered a room, whether it was a drawing room or his class room, with a benignant smile that melted everybody and made everybody, even the frightened freshmen, feel entirely at his ease and at home. While Dr. Williams was not a noted taskmaster, he was a scholar of broad attainments and a most excellent instructor, for those who could be led to do their duty by extreme indulgence and good nature. We had in those days entrance examinations for all the freshman classes. The Doctor had a plan of placing three mathematical propositions upon his black-board, beginning at the left, with one that was very easy; the next one quite difficult, and the last one so difficult that no freshman was ever known to

solve it. A student thus relates his experience with Dr. Williams, at one of these entrance examinations.

I entered his room as a freshman, with great confidence, because I had been over most of the freshman mathematics in a preparatory school. The Doctor detected this confidence at once. He said very pleasantly and blandly, "Now, Mr.—, be kind enough to solve the problem at the left." I solved it in no time at all. The Doctor looked up apparently astonished and smiled, "Well, now, since you have done that so readily, please try the next one." I tried it for about an hour, and at last reached the solution. The Doctor was evidently pleased and blandly remarked, "You have done so well with these two, you may try the one on the right." I tried for about an hour and gave it up as a bad job. I told the Doctor I could not solve that problem. He replied, "Well, it is no matter at all. Really, I did not expect that you would. Your preparation must have been very good indeed to have gone as far as you

did." I left the room with my feathers a good deal more down than when I entered it, and always afterwards entered the Doctor's room with a much higher appreciation of him, and a good deal lower estimate of myself.

At the close of the first semester at our examination, there was an unfortunate student who was wholly incapable of mastering mathematics. He was a fine student in other branches, but a very poor scholar in this. The class understood the situation, and so did Dr. Williams. A classmate had finished his proposition on the board and had explained it, and was sitting on one of the front seats, in full view of the Doctor. This unfortunate student had tried to solve his problem but could not, and came and sat down back of his friend and commenced to cry. His friend could not endure this, of course, and turned around and asked him to hand him his proposition, which he did. He then figured out the proposition fully in detail upon a piece of paper, and handed it back to him. The unfortunate one took the paper and copied it on the black-

board. The Doctor asked him to explain it. The student read over what he had put on the board. When he had finished the Doctor remarked, "That will do, Mr.——, that was very well indeed," and the student sat down happy. The Doctor then turned and smiled, looked off to the other corner of the room, and said, "Well, my young friends, I am a great admirer of disinterested benevolence in all of its phases upon all proper occasions, but in this place and on this particular occasion I really would much prefer to have each tub stand upon its own bottom." The Doctor never made any allusion to the matter afterwards, and passed the young gentleman in the regular order.

The class of '61 was a rather noted class of men, large, physically and mentally. They were mature fellows most of them, well towards 30 years of age, and some of them older. I don't think there was a modern snob in the class. They were in the University for hard work and for genuine improvement, and did not at all affect the modern accomplishments.

During the old times when the class of '61 was in the University, the recitation rooms were warmed by large box stoves, that would take in cord wood. One cold winter morning the class of '61 assembled in Dr. Williams' room for a recitation in mathematics. The Doctor called the roll, and they were all present, as classes usually were at the Doctor's recitations. Everybody knew that he was in no danger there. The genial smile of the Doctor was worth coming to see, and if the student failed utterly he would not be scolded, and if he did fairly well, he would receive earnest commendations. The atmosphere of the whole room was restful, and the students flocked there because they loved the Doctor, and had nothing to fear. They were also anticipating some good things by the way of sharp sallies of wit from the Doctor, which were always of weekly and sometimes daily occurrence. The boys would not miss one of these for a fortune, and many a poor fellow has studied hard late at night, to master the hard mathematics, that he might win a smile

from good Dr. Williams at the next recitation.

On this cold winter morning, after the Doctor had called the roll of '61, and appeared extremely delighted that all of the big fellows were there, he started to assign the tasks for the recitation.

"Mr. C. K. Adams will please take proposition six; Mr. William H. Beadle proposition seven; Mr. B. M. Cutcheon the eighth proposition; W. W. Dedrick please take the ninth; C. H. Dennison the tenth, please; W. S. Perry the eleventh proposition; Hoyt Post the twelfth; Henry M. Utley the thirteenth," and the Doctor looked up and smiled and seemed to be thinking a moment, and then remarked with much deliberation and a sort of puzzled expression, "and Mr. I. H. Elliot, you may, yes, you may, put some wood in the stove, if you please."

The boys shouted, and it took some time to get the big fellows down to work. Elliot promptly filled the stove full of wood and sat down, well satisfied in the performance of this



duty, which he says he felt that he was eminently qualified to perform.

At this time Jolly was janitor, and among his duties was that of marking the students at chapel. The chapel was the center room of the north wing, and the seats were all numbered at quite a generous distance apart. The senior class occupied the front seats; the juniors next, back of them; the sophomores next, and the freshmen in the rear. Before Dr. Tappan opened the exercises in the chapel, Jolly went down first one aisle and then the other, with book and pencil in hand, to mark any numbers that were not covered. The big fellows, who were broad enough to cover two numbers, were always at a premium as chums, because they would take care of their chum's number at chapel, and allow him to sleep later in the morning. Jolly understood the situation, and it was amusing to see him coming down the aisle, his broad face beaming with smiles and exuberant good nature, and swinging his pencil a little to the right or a little to the left, to indicate to some student that he



had not quite covered some number, and if he got his arm or his coat over it before Jolly got there, he never considered it his duty to disturb the condition of things, and passed on.

One cold winter morning, Jolly discovered a donkey in Dr. Williams' room. He did not know just what to do about the matter, but finally decided to go over and tell Dr. Williams. Dr. Williams then lived in one of the dwelling houses on the north side of the campus. It was rather early, but Jolly found the Doctor up. Jolly came into the parlor very much out of breath, and proceeded at once to inform the Doctor of the condition of things.

He said, "Why Dr. Williams, Dr. Williams! there is—there is—there is a donkey in your room!

"Only one," replied the Doctor.

Jolly finding that the Doctor was not much disturbed over the occurrence, went back and removed the offending member of the sophomore class.

I think it was the class of '62, that thought it would be a nice thing to play a trick upon Dr.

Williams. There was a rather aged, but very long-eared donkey, kept in a pasture about a quarter of a mile south of the University campus. He was a sleek, well-cared for donkey, and very mild, and amiable in his disposition, and not at all liable to strike out with his hind feet, as is characteristic of many of the tribe, and some of his modern imitators in the now famous foot ball teams. The boys were careful to ascertain about the disposition of the animal, before they attempted any tricks with him. In some way they managed to get him up into Dr. Williams' room, which was then in the upper story at the north end of the south wing. They tied him securely behind the Doctor's desk, and generously put a large bundle of hay on top of the desk, for him to eat during the night.

It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that this was the sophomore class. This class assembled as usual in the morning, entered the room, sat down and were apparently hard at work, looking over their lessons.

The Doctor laborously climbed the stairs,

and was somewhat out of breath when he reached his room. The Doctor was a very deliberate man, he never hurried about any thing. He took off his hat as he reached the door, smiled at the young gentlemen, looked blandly around the room, then deliberately surveyed the desk and the donkey, and with equal deliberation remarked, "Well, young gentlemen, I am extremely delighted this morning to see that you have chosen one of your own number to preside, and consequently do not need me. You may take the next fourteen propositions in Geometry for to-morrow," and he turned with a smile and said, "Good morning," and went down the stairway.

The boys slowly filed out of the room, very much sorrowing over the prospect, for they knew that it would require several hours hard work to get the donkey on to *terra firma*, and then they would have to work all night to get their lessons for the morrow. They knew the Doctor well enough to know, that he would require every one of those propositions to be solved by every member of the class.

During our freshman year, we thought we would play a trick on Dr. Williams. We found a large, green, warty toad on the campus, put it into a basket, and just before recitation, carried it into Dr. Williams' room. We made a pen of the books on top of his desk, put the toad into it, and on top of the pen we placed the book, that he was to use that morning. Dr. Williams came into the room with his usual deliberation, smiled at the class, took off his hat and coat and hung them up in the usual place, carefully wiped his spectacles and sat down. He had seen the pen of books when he first entered, and knew that there was something there in store for him. After he had arranged everything to his satisfaction, he quietly reached up, took the book from the top of the pen, peered in, smiled broadly and remarked, "Ho, ho! why, here is another freshman."

We shouted and stamped and cheered, of course, and shouted and stamped again, until they could have heard us on the further side of the campus. Dr. Williams laughed heart-

ily. Finally when we had quieted down in some measure, he looked up at us rather quizzically, and again remarked, "Young gentlemen, there can't be a doubt about it, because he smells fresh and is green." Of course we made a greater turmoil at this last sally, and readily voted that the Doctor had come out ahead.

There was not much of a recitation on that day, for the wit of the thing so struck the boys, that they would stand at the black-board, so shaking with laughter that it was impossible to properly solve the problems that the Doctor had assigned to them. The Doctor was generous as usual, and helped each fellow out, so that we got through with the recitation, without serious difficulty.

Old Dr. Williams, affectionately called "Punky" by all the boys, was stout and rugged, physically and mentally, and preserved his excellent health and his great good nature even to extreme old age, by observing the strict rules of temperance and morality, and by loving his neighbors as himself. He had

a heart larger than his head, and he would always smile; indeed he never did anything else. We loved our parents, our sisters, and some other fellow's sister and Dr. Williams, and we think the doctor always retained the larger portion.

The boys invariably called Dr. Williams "Punky." How the pet named ever came to be applied to him, no one seems to know. If the boys had referred to him as Dr. Williams, they would not have been understood.

An unsophisticated freshman approached a body of sophomores and asked where the room of the professor of mathematics was.

"Oh, you want to find Punky," they replied.

The freshman said, "Is that his name?"

They said, "Certainly, that is his name."

The freshman without suspecting a joke walked into the room, approached Dr. Williams' desk, and innocently inquired, "Is this Prof. Punky?"

Dr. Williams very blandly replied, "It is, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

The freshman did his errand and received very gentlemanly replies from the Doctor. He never suspected that he had been put upon by the sophomores, until he went out and told them of the interview, when with very serious faces they gravely informed him, that he had insulted Dr. Williams. Then the poor boy went to his room, very much afraid the Doctor would take some revenge upon him for his impertinence, but he was earnestly assured by his chum, that the Doctor, never took revenge upon anybody, but at the same time advised him to see the Doctor, and explain matters. He did so the next day, and the Doctor very heartily forgave him, and told him that really he understood the whole matter at the time, and no harm had been done, but he had better be very careful hereafter, and not take all the advice that the sophomores gave him.

I remember on one occasion, that the students of our class attempted to play a rather uncanny trick upon Dr. Williams. He always sat in a large wood-bottom chair, considerably hollowed out at the middle. Some ungracious



scamp, bound to astonish the Doctor, and get even with his jokes, poured a glass or more of water in this hollow portion of the chair seat. The Doctor came in as usual, took off his hat and overcoat with his usual deliberation, sat down in the water, without saying a word, and gave not the slightest indication during the hour's recitation, that anything was wrong. He was as pleasant as usual, but the boys had to solve all the problems with perfect accuracy, and he ground them hard during the entire recitation, and the next day gave them about double the usual number of problems. It is needless to say that the boys never repeated the trick.

Along about the time of the Civil War, Dr. Williams lived in one of the houses on the north side of the campus. They were provided with large fire-places and chimneys, that did not seem to draw very well, and kept the houses full of smoke. The Doctor reported the matter to the Board of Regents, and asked them if they didn't think they could remedy the smoking chimneys.



A member of the Board replied, "Well Doctor, you are a scientific gentleman, and perhaps you can suggest a remedy yourself.

"Well," said the Doctor smiling good naturedly, "I think perhaps I might. If you leave the matter wholly to me, I would suggest that as the smoke seems determined to go down, that you proceed to turn that chimney the other end up."

The Board roared with laughter and immediately sent over a mechanic to remedy the difficulty.

The old Doctor has gone to his reward and Shakespeare's words properly apply to him, and his generous ennobling and uplifting character and life:

"And this our life exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees; books in running brooks;  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

—"As You Like It," Act Eleven, Sec. 1.

Thompson, in his Seasons, utters thoughts appropriate to him:

"The glad circle 'round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall."

More's lines on Sheridan are also appropriate:

“Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade.”

If Dr. Williams has as exalted a position in the next world as he always had in the minds and hearts of his pupils, he is now very near to the Master.

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### PROF. ANDREW D. WHITE.

Prof. Andrew D. White, afterwards president of Cornell University, was professor of History in the University of Michigan from about 1857 to 1867. Prof. White had attended several of the eastern universities, had travelled extensively in Europe mostly on foot, and was a zealous and thorough student of history. He came to Ann Arbor about 1857. At that time the students who came here were well advanced in years, on account of the meager opportunities in the preparatory

schools through this and other states, and the want of means on the part of the people to commence the education of their children early in life. The students on entering were frequently twenty-five years of age, and some times older. Those who kept boarders and roomers in Ann Arbor, were not accustomed to welcome beardless youths to the university.

Prof. White was rather under medium height, and dressed in the youthful fashion of eastern universities. When he landed in Ann Arbor, he started out on foot as usual, to find the Campus. When he reached State street near the high school, he stopped at what appeared to be a boarding house, and inquired the way. The landlady invited him into the parlor, and had quite a chat with the genial professor. He inquired the way to the university, and she gave him the proper directions.

As he rose to go she remarked, "I suppose, sir, that you are expecting to enter the freshman class?"

The professor smiled very blandly and replied, "I hardly think that I shall."

“Well,” the lady responded, “you might enter upon condition, a good many of them do you know.”

Prof. White hardly knew what response to make to this; thanked the lady very kindly for her information, and departed to hunt up the youthful giant and Dr. Tappan.

\* \* \*

In the class-room Prof. White was very enthusiastic and energetic in his work; firm in his requirements, but very broad minded, and catholic in his views upon history, and other public matters.

In connection with the recitations in history, he had us indulge in debates upon questions suggested by himself. A circus came to town in the spring of '61, and Prof. White suggested the circus as the topic for discussion. Those who condemned the circus were very enthusiastic, and those who were assigned to defend it, really could find but little to say in its favor.

Prof. White, as usual, wound up the dis-

cussion with some remarks. He said, "I see, young gentlemen, that you have pretty thoroughly annihilated the circus; but it will come here this spring and probably every year in the future. I freely admit that the circus, as now conducted, has many objectionable features that ought to be removed; but what are you going to do about it? you certainly don't expect to annihilate the institution. If you are satisfied that you cannot do this, then the next best thing to do is to use all endeavors possible, to get rid of the objectionable features of the exhibition. It calls out a large class of people, at least once a year, and gives them something new to think about, and perhaps in some ways is really a benefit to them. It wakes up the social side of their natures, and prevents them from going to sleep utterly. I shall go to the circus tomorrow myself, and would be glad to see the class there."

We went down to the tent in the evening to see the performance, and there found Prof. White surrounded by 25 or 30 boys, who were unable to pay their way in, and he bought

tickets for the entire company, seated himself inside of the tent near the boys, and had a thoroughly good time.

\* \* \*

At one of his written examinations in history, he had arranged the seats, so that he could see every student during the examination. One of the students asked his neighbor to read some of the questions that Prof. White had written out for them to answer.

Prof. White looked off to the other corner of the room and remarked, "I hope that each student to-day will get around the course alone, and not attempt any feats of small horsemanship."

Student number two immediately responded, "Excuse me, Professor, I was simply attempting to decipher some of your hieroglyphics for my friend on the left."

"Oh," said Prof. White, "that is perfectly proper, but I am afraid you have attempted an impossible task. The young gentleman had better come to me."

Prof. Andrew D. White was in most respects a model teacher. He did not measure the length of his lessons by his own ability, but rather by that of the medium students under his charge. Prof. White did not endeavor to gratify his own ambition and build up his reputation, at the expense of the physical and mental health and welfare of his pupils. He was honest with his colleagues in the Faculty, and never attempted to trespass upon the time of the students, that belonged to them. These all too uncommon virtues have caused the old boys to remember him, with a respect and gratitude that time cannot efface. He was an industrious and thorough scholar; accurate in his habits of thought; well informed in regard to all subjects connected with history. He had been over Europe much on foot, and was familiar with the people, and the scenes where many historical events occurred, and could give many interesting incidents not usually narrated by historians. He was invariably good natured, patient, and ready to recognize the good and worthy in everything.



He cared much more for the ability to think out and express original thoughts, in an original way, than a lame imitation of the fine style of others, or the copying of their thoughts or forms of expression.

He always commended genuine originality, no matter if imperfectly expressed. He was possessed of strong common sense, and an unusual appreciation of practical affairs, and practical matters in relation to human society. He strove to prepare the students to live well in the world as it is, and learn the means of making it a little better, rather than to soar too high in the realms of idealism. Every student under him soon learned to love and admire the man, and most of them became enthusiasts in the study of history. He was among the first in our University to bring into prominence the importance of physical culture, and the great necessity of good health and strong physical powers among students and professional men. He was not strong himself, but by the rigid observance of all laws of health, and the persistent adherence to his habit



of long daily walks in the open air, he maintained good health and great powers of endurance, during his connection with the University. I think it may be truthfully said that he was among the first in our University, by precept and example, to lead young men to think for themselves; to stand on their own feet, to develop and make the most of their own powers, and never give up their self-reliance and individual independence. Most men strive to make money; Prof. White strove to make men, and his methods were admirably adapted to carry out this noble purpose.

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### THE BOYS OF '61.

The boys of '61 did not wear corsets or bangs, or part their hair in the middle. They did not wear their underclothing on the outside, and had no use for skirt-coats with feminine attachments, or skull caps. Indeed, you could tell a boy when you met him on the streets, without the aid of a spy-glass or a tel-

escape. They had a very earnest conviction that dudes are useless in the great battles for National existence, as well as in the great battles of life.

\* \* \*

The boys of the war period used to write letters not always to their chums. There were some funny superscriptions, or directions on these letters, which I will give. The following is one:

“To Dr. Shannon, New York State,  
And town of Bristol this letter goes,  
I give him warning, as sure as fate:  
If he don't reply, I'll tweak his nose.”

Here is another:

“Please take this quick, kind Uncle Sam,  
Up to the State of Michigan,  
Look up Ann Arbor's blooming son,  
Frank C. Loomis, Lock Box One.  
Now, Uncle, see how fast you'll tramp,  
And for your trouble, here's your stamp.

The following was upon a drop-letter, sent by a student who had got into that mellifluous state that sometimes precedes matrimony:

“ Take this package, Postmaster, sweet,  
To 344 West Washington Street,  
Deliver it there, to my darling girl,  
The brightest gem, and purest pearl;  
Assure her that my love endures,  
And I will ever be, Truly yours.”

Here is another:

“ Uncle Sam, bear this note with all the speed that you can,  
To the State in the West that is called Michigan,  
To a town that is teeming with all kinds of lore,  
Where Doctors are made by the gross or the score,  
Engineers are turned out, and lawyers to boot,  
In sizes assorted at prices to suit,  
But for fear you will think me verbose as a barber,  
To be brief—the name of the town is Ann Arbor,  
And this letter belongs to one Clarence L. Davis.  
If you don’t chance to know who this cheeky young knave is,  
Just look for a youngster who came from the South,  
And lugs a tremendous big pipe in his mouth,  
Tips his hat in a ‘don’t care a hang’ sort of way,  
And seldom, if ever, has—‘ Nothing to say.’ ”

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### FRENCH PROFESSOR.

It was related of the professor of French, I never could ascertain which one, however, that he happened to come into chapel and

take a seat on the platform when the president was absent. As no other member of the Faculty appeared, he felt it incumbent upon himself to conduct the services as far as he could. He gravely read a chapter from the Bible, and then as gravely remarked: "You will please excuse any further services, young gentlemen, because I am an in-fiddle, and the man that brays is not here."

In 1861 the class of 1863 found a cord of wood on the west side of the south wing. They immediately piled that cord of wood in the hallway and on the stairs leading up to the recitation rooms. Dr. Tappan came along, made no remark whatever, picked up two or three sticks of the cord wood, carried it back where it had been piled. In about three minutes the wood had been carried out by the class, and piled up nicely where they had found it. The Doctor looked on gravely, and when they had finished the job smiled and remarked: "That is very well done, young gentlemen, particularly the last part of the job. Now, young gentlemen, I hope you will never indulge

in that kind of sport again, because Professor Fasquelle has heart disease, and such an occurrence might injure him."

He quietly turned away, and went to his house. The classes in the University heard of the occurrence, and of the Doctor's remarks, and no disturbance of any kind was afterwards made anywhere in ear-shot of Prof. Fasquelle's room.

\* \*  
\*

When the old dormitory system prevailed at the University, the boys sometimes went out on an expedition for the purpose of stealing signs from the stores about town, and they would take these to their rooms and hide them in closets and under the beds. One of the shop-keepers guessing pretty well what had become of his sign, went to the professor in charge of the dormitory, and asked if he would not try and find his property for him. The students who had the signs in their rooms expected a visitation that evening, and were prepared for it. When they heard the professor coming along the hall they immediately

commenced their early evening devotions, and when the professor put his ear to the key-hole he heard the following:

“ A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given unto it.”

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### DR. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

DR. ALEXANDER WINCHELL was professor of Geology, Botany, and kindred subjects, very early in the history of the University, and up to the time of his decease. The Doctor was a sober, earnest man, very eloquent in lecturing upon his subjects; a shrewd, sharp, witty scientist, but very absent minded. The boys of '63 in his class-room, got in the habit of cutting off the back buttons from the coats of those who sat in front of them. The Doctor sent around his geological specimens, for the boys to examine, in a tray. The boys pinned some papers to a few of these buttons, marked on the papers “*buttonia laciniata*,” placed them on the tray and sent it back to

the professor. He took up one, looked at it and remarked: "I always admire the spirit of earnest investigation, and the desire for discovery, but I don't think much of these detached evidences of the purely trick-loving spirit of our remote ancestors."

\* \* \*

One day a student brought in a large quantity of skunk-cabbage. One one of the boys stole it out of his pocket, and ground it up on the floor with his foot, and the odor was all-pervading. The Doctor looked up, and glanced at the offender very earnestly, and remarked: "Well, young gentlemen, we are now studying Botany, not Zoology, and the young gentleman who has that odoriferous specimen in his possession, can be excused at once."

\* \* \*

One of the boys thought it would be nice to present the Doctor with a new specimen, so he very ingeniously, with the aid of mucilage and fine wire, stuck together the different parts of a half-dozen different bugs. He took the



head of one, the wings of another, and so on. The specimen was really very nicely made up, and must have cost a good deal of time and labor in its construction. He put it in a small paper box, and just as the class was about to begin the recitation, marched up and handed it to the Doctor and asked him what kind of a bug he would call that. The Doctor looked at it intently for a moment, and quickly replied, "A humbug, sir."

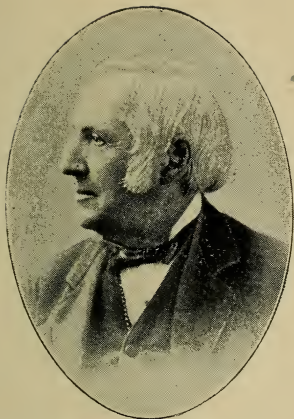
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#### DR. V. C. VAUGHAN.

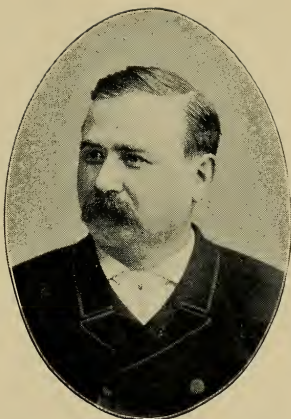
DR. V. C. VAUGHAN, of the medical department, is credited with a number of very good stories. The Doctor usually spends his summer vacations up at Old Mission, above Traverse City, usually fishing with the noted fisherman, Evart H. Scott.

While up there Scott had a birthday, and his wife prepared an elaborate dinner, inviting in all Scott's, friends, and among them Dr. Vaughan. After the dinner came the toasts. Dr. Vaughan in his response to his toast declared that he had had a vision the night be-

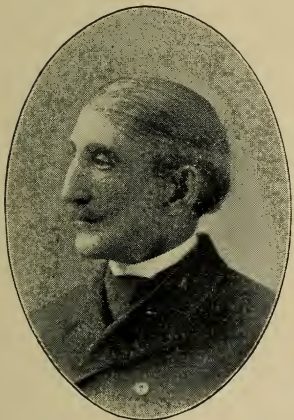




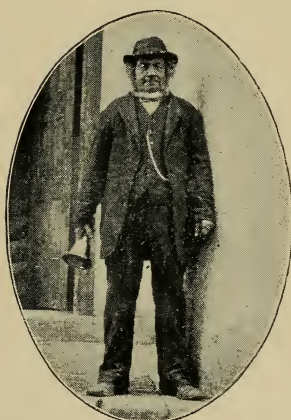
PROF. JAMES V. CAMPBELL,  
OF LAW DEPARTMENT.  
1859-85.



PROF. VICTOR C. VAUGHAN,  
OF MED. DEPARTMENT.  
1875-95.



JOSEPH H. VANCE, ESQ.,  
LIBRARIAN LAW DEPARTMENT.  
1854-95.



DR. G. NAGELE,  
JANITOR OF MED. DEPARTMENT.  
1851-95.



fore, and in the dream, of course, thought he went over to the other world; rapped at the gate held by St. Peter, and St. Peter, of course, immediately opened it, let him in and gave him a very comfortable seat near the gate, that he might observe how matters were conducted in that region.

The Doctor remarked that he had been sitting there but a short time, when a fellow rushed up to the gate, rapped vigorously and asked to be admitted.

St. Peter cried, "Who is there?"

The applicant replied, "William Jones."

"Where are you from," said St. Peter, and Jones replied, "From Grand Rapids, Michigan."

"What is your business," said St. Peter, and Jones replied at once, "I am a fisherman, sir."

"Then," said St. Peter, "you cannot come in, we don't allow any of that craft here; you can just go right down below."

The Doctor said he waited awhile for a new arrival. Pretty soon a new applicant

rushed up, with ten times more zeal and haste than the other, and could not wait a moment. He rapped on the gate with both hands, and demanded of St. Peter that he be admitted at once.

St. Peter responded with vigor, "Who is there?"

"It is me," said Scott.

"Well, who is me," said St. Peter.

"My name is Evart H. Scott," he replied.

"Oh," said St. Peter, "where are you from, Mr. Scott?"

"I am from Ann Arbor, Michigan," said Scott.

"What is your business?" said St. Peter.

"Why," said Scott, "I am a fisherman."

"Oh," said St. Peter, and he opened the gate wide and said, "come right in Mr. Scott, come right in." And he gave Scott a very comfortable seat near the gate.

The doctor looked at St. Peter in astonishment and said, "Why St. Peter, how is this? You sent Jones below when he announced that he was a fisherman, and declared that you

would admit none of that craft here, and now here is Scott, who declares with a great deal of emphasis that he is a fisherman, and you admit him at once. Really now, St. Peter, how do you explain this?"

"Oh," said St. Peter, "as to Scott, why, he only thinks he is."

\* \* \*

The Doctor on one occasion was lecturing upon the value of different foods. He said that in England old maids had much influence in promoting the vigorous health of the English people, and proceeded to demonstrate it as follows:

"Good beefsteak is very nutritious. Englishmen have good beefsteak, because they have fine clover fields. The clover fields are luxuriant, because of the large number of bumble-bees there. Bumble-bees flourish in England, because they have so few mice. Mice are so scarce, because they have so many cats. They have so many cats because they have so many old maids."

At this point in the story a dude raised his hand, and asked the Doctor what caused the old maids.

The Doctor called upon a bright-eyed lady student to answer him, and she promptly replied, "The reason is that the women would rather support cats than shiftless husbands."

\* \* \*

On another occasion Doctor Vaughan was lecturing upon his favorite subject of tyrotoxin, sometimes found in ice-cream. A student raised his hand and put the following question to the Doctor:

The student said they had a social in his town, at which ice-cream and oysters were served, and that quite a number of those who partook of these, were taken violently ill, and the student wished the Doctor's opinion as to whether it was the ice-cream or the oysters that produced the sickness.

The Doctor looked up at him and said, "Well, sir, was it a church social?" The student replied that it was.

“Then,” said the Doctor, “it was certainly not the oysters.”

\* \* \*

On another occasion the professor was talking to one of the lady students before the lecture, and had to lean forward some distance, so that to the students in the amphitheatre above, the professor's head seemed to come quite near that of the lady student. One of the roguish boys gave a loud smack on the back of his hand. The boys shouted and stamped, and the professor ended the interview in short order, and refused afterwards to engage in a chat with the young ladies before the lecture.

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### DR. NAGLEY.

DR. NAGLEY, so called, is the old janitor in the Medical Department. He has many peculiarities, the most striking is his dense ignorance and want of understanding, when any stranger goes nosing around the medical department, and another is that he seldom

responds unless you call him "Doctor." The boys thought it a good joke to remove the tongue from the old bell, that he was wont to ring for the purpose of calling them to lectures. Nagley took up the bell and did not notice the change at all, and started to swing it around with his usual vigor, but it did not ring. He turned it up, looked at it quizzically and remarked, "If the surgeon would only treat the boys as they have treated the bell, it would be a great deal more comfortable for everybody around this building."

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### TURNIPSEED.

A short time ago a student matriculated in the Literary Department, by the name of Turnipseed. He was quite an officious character and made himself rather uncomfortably prominent on some occasions. Classes were so large that they were obliged to recite in sections. After a while it became necessary to change Turnipseed from section one to sec-



tion two. The professor in section one had forgotten the change, and still had his name on his book. At the morning recitation as he called the roll, he called out the name, "Mr. Turnipseed." One of the boys responded, "He has been transplanted."

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### JUDGE JAMES V. CAMPBELL.

JUDGE JAMES V. CAMPBELL, of the Law Department, was not in the habit of saying witty things during his lectures, but he used to tell us some funny stories of his experiences with members of the bar, during his long term upon the Supreme bench of our State. He told one in regard to the comments of Olney Hawkins, a prominent member of the bar at Ann Arbor, upon the use by an opponent of the old Latin quotation, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus." When Hawkins replied, he said, repeating the quotation, "I don't understand very well what all that means, but I can guess at a part of it. I suppose he means to say that a fellow who will lie in a uno, will lie in

an omnibus. Now I know that that is not true, for I have been riding in omnibuses all my life, and never knew any one to lie in an omnibus any more readily than anywhere else, except the driver, and he is on the outside."

\* \* \*

He told another one in regard to a rather noted Irish wit of the Detroit Bar, Billy Gray. Mr. Gray had brought a case to the Supreme Court, that didn't appear to contain any error whatever. Judge Campbell looked over the record with a great deal of care, and he could discover no error in it. When Mr. Gray arose to address the court, Judge Campbell said to him, "Why, Mr. Gray, I don't understand why you have brought this case here. Myself and my brethren have looked through the record carefully, and we can find no error whatever in it." "Well," replied Mr. Gray, in his Irish brogue, "I must confess to your Honors that I have also studied this case with a very great deal of care, and must also frankly state that I myself could find no error whatever in it.

But then, knowing the facility with which your Honors will find error where nobody else can, I have brought the case here with the utmost confidence."

\* \* \*

The following article published in one of our newspapers may be of some interest here:

### STIRRING EVENTS.

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AT THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT ANN ARBOR  
DURING THE WAR.

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Wendell Phillips Protected by Students, Made a Great Speech.—Scenes and Incidents During Those Stormy Times.

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The old Congregational Church (now Zion Lutheran Church) at the corner of Fifth and Washington streets, is now being taken down to make room for a larger church building. This old church was the scene of some stirring events during the late civil war.

In the winter of 1860-1861, Parker Pillsbury came to Ann Arbor to address the people

upon the abolition of African slavery. He appointed a meeting in the old Free Church on the east side of north State street, near the brow of the hill, now a dwelling house. A mob collected soon after the meeting commenced, and broke in the door and windows with stones, drove Parker Pillsbury and his audience, mostly women, out of the rear windows, tore up the seats and gutted the building. Parker Pillsbury had been in the south, knew that they were arming and drilling all over the south, and he came here to inform our citizens of this fact, and to urge them to arm and drill troops in defense of the government.

After this meeting had been thus broken up, Parker Pillsbury met a few of our citizens at the house of Jacob Volland, and explained to them fully the war spirit in the south, but they treated it lightly and joked about it good naturedly, much more so than they did during the next exciting years of the war. It is hardly possible now to believe that in 1861, free speech was in such a precarious condition

in Ann Arbor, and that a fellow citizen, who was actuated by great love of liberty and the loftiest patriotism, should be thus shamefully treated.

About a month after this event, it was announced that Wendell Phillips would speak in Ann Arbor upon the abolition of African slavery. He had been rotten egged in Cincinnati and Chicago, and his meetings broken up. The mob again openly declared that Wendell Phillips should not speak in this city upon that subject. He tried to get permission to speak in the Court House, and it was refused; he tried to rent a public hall, but could not, because the owners feared that the halls would be greatly injured, if not destroyed. As a last resort he went to the trustees of the old Congregational Church on the corner of Fifth and Washington streets. These trustees held a meeting in the church to consider this important matter. They discussed the question long and earnestly, until finally one of the trustees arose in his place and said: "Brethren, this church building has been

dedicated to Almighty God, and if it must be razed to the ground, let it go down in behalf of free speech, and the great cause of human liberty, I move that we allow Wendell Phillips to hold his meeting in this church."

The vote was taken, and the motion was carried without a dissenting voice. The students of the University had heard of the mobbing of Parker Pillsbury, and the threat to mob Wendell Phillips. The war spirit was aroused. The class of 1861, a large class then of big fellows, called a meeting of the students in the old chapel. We discussed the matter earnestly and long, and decided unanimously that Wendell Phillips and free speech must be protected. We arranged the following program: Each student was to provide himself with a stout hickory club four feet long, and anything else he chose to carry. Twelve of the big fellows of 1861 were to stand in front of the church door, and twelve or more strong men in the vestibule. The remainder of the students were arranged in the church about four seats apart and four or more together. All of them car-

ried clubs under their coats and many had other weapons. Long before the time of the meeting the church was literally packed. The gallery and pews were full, the windows were full, men sat upon the pulpit stairs and covered the pulpit platform, the aisles were packed with men standing; indeed, you could hardly have crowded another person into the building. The vestibule was jammed with excited men, eager to see and hear, and a howling mob filled the church yard around the church. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the excitement and tension of that audience. That many would be seriously injured if not killed, was expected. Finally there was a little unusual stir at the door, and we all looked around at the east aisle, to see Wendell Phillips come in. We naturally expected to see a small, wiry, excitable man. When Wendell Phillips entered the crowded aisle, and commenced quietly to work his way toward the pulpit, we were indeed surprised. We saw a man over six feet in height, with broad, square, massive shoulders, a large head



and a calm, grand face. He smiled pleasantly as he slowly and quietly worked his way through the dense mass of humanity, packed into the aisles of the old church. He was in no hurry, not excited in the least, was apparently the most unconcerned man in that assembly. Wendell Phillips finally reached the pulpit, took off his overcoat, was introduced by the chairman of the meeting and began his speech. The mob howled outside, but the fine voice of the speaker could be distinctly heard, in every corner of the church above the uproar. In the midst of his speech, when the burning, blistering stream of sarcasm and invective, were poured upon that audience like the overflow from a volcano, some one in the center of the church, who could stand it no longer, hissed. The boys rose up all around the hiss, but could not tell who uttered it. They stood there waiting to discover the transgressor, when Wendell Phillips leaned forward as far as he could, repeated his obnoxious statement at least six times, with ever increasing vehemence and vigor, but he could



not induce the victim to repeat the offense. There was not another hiss during the meeting, no rotten eggs were thrown, and for two hours we listened to a storm of logic, sarcasm and invective, such as I never heard before and never expect to hear again. Wendell Phillips spoke for the most part in a conversational tone, made but few gestures; but such an occasion and such a man will not probably be brought together again in this generation. The audience and the speaker were wrought up to the very highest pitch, and the pent up flood of indignation and wrath at the untold wrongs and sufferings of the slaves of the south, and the cowardice of the nation that tolerated it, was poured over that audience by the bravest man, and one of the greatest orators this nation has produced. The mob outside finally became quiet, and the meeting was one of the most orderly that I ever attended. Public opinion was aroused and united among all the best citizens, and declared with no uncertain voice that free speech must and should be protected, and the mob spirit gave way as it always will.

It settled the question of free speech in Ann Arbor, and there has been no serious disturbance of public meetings since that time. A majority of the students left that church, confirmed and determined abolitionists, and many of them entered the army. It is curious also to note that a majority of this howling mob, within a year from the date of this meeting, had enlisted in the Union Army, and gave their lives to destroy African slavery, and preserve the government. They were abolitionists at heart all the time, but were held back by political party affiliations, and their fear that an open contest would lead to the destruction of the government. We supposed that there were only a few hundred abolitionists in Michigan, but we soon found that three-fourths of the people were abolitionists, ready to lay down their lives in support of their convictions. From this we may take courage in the belief that a large majority of our people, are at least in favor of other great and necessary reforms and will be found on the right side, when the issue is fully and fairly presented. This old



U. OF M. 1860.





church has stood long and has done a quiet but invaluable work for civil and religious liberty, and the general welfare of this community, and as its walls go down let us hope that its new and larger successor, will do a larger work in the elevation and progress of the race.

Respectfully,

N. W. CHEEVER.

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#### DR. HENRY P. TAPPAN.

The following stories are told in regard to Dr. Henry P. Tappan, chancellor of the university, during the time of the Civil War. Dr. Tappan was a tall, portly, square shouldered man, possessed of unusual dignity, and his self possession never seemed to desert him, but always genial, affable and accommodating to the students under his charge, and sometimes like Dr. Williams, very apt and witty. In 1860, when your narrator was a freshman, it

was the habit of the janitors of the university in the Spring of the year, to cut the grass on the campus and pile it up in hay cocks. The boys thought it would be a good joke, so one night they put about a load of hay into the rear end of the chapel. They all assembled the next morning, but the hay had taken up the space usually assigned to freshmen, and they had to occupy the rear side seats, and stood in the aisles. Everybody was seated and very quiet, when the Doctor entered the chapel. Of course, the Doctor saw the hay instantly, and took in the situation at once. He deliberately ascended the platform, removed his overcoat, wiped his gold bowed glasses which he always wore, opened the Bible with his usual deliberation, read his chapter and gave a very earnest prayer. There was nothing to indicate thus far that the Doctor had seen anything unusual in the condition of things in the chapel. When he had finished the morning announcements, he looked over towards the rear end of the chapel, smiled slightly and remarked, "I was not aware until this morning,

that the two lower classes, who usually sit in the rear, boarded in the chapel." Of course this produced a shout of merriment and very loud applause, which continued for several minutes. When matters had quieted down somewhat, the Doctor continued his remarks with great deliberation and said, "I was aware that the classes in the rear were quite large, but I did not suppose that they needed such generous rations. But perhaps the explanation of it is, that they are laying up a store for future emergencies, for you all know that it sometimes happens that quite a number at the end of the year, are turned out to grass."

\* \* \*

On another occasion some thoughtless sophomores put a pig in the chapel and shut the doors. When the boys came they were very careful to see to it, that the pig remained in the chapel. To accomplish this end, they appointed outside and inside doorkeepers for the front doors, and locked the doors in the rear. When a student approached or a body of stu-

dents entered the chapel, they were agreeably informed, that only one could enter at a time, and then only when the inside doorkeeper indicated that the coast was clear. Finally all the students were in the chapel, seated in their usual places and very quiet. The pig by this time had become tired, with the hustling he had received to keep him from rushing out of the doors, and was quietly resting on his haunches near the west front door. The Doctor entered at the east front door as usual. The extreme quiet of the chapel indicated very plainly to the Doctor, that something very unusual was going on. He looked around to find out what the something was, and saw the pig winking and blinking at him, very much surprised at the situation. The Doctor put on his spectacles with his usual deliberation, looked down at the pig and remarked, "This sophomore has not yet presented to me his credentials. He ought to be modest enough not to enter the chapel until he is duly installed as a member of the university. Now, if some member of the sophomore class will kindly open the



door, I think their friend will depart in peace." At this point Jolly appeared to mark the students as usual at chapel, and let the innovator out. After the pig had departed, the Doctor turned to the students and remarked, "I have been wondering somewhat how that pig got into the chapel. I am inclined to think that in all probability, two friendly members of the second class from the rear, went out upon the campus, got down on their hands and knees on each side of the friendly pig, and he, thinking that he was in congenial company and among his kind, came right along with them into the chapel." Of course the sophomores did not bring any more pigs into the chapel.

\* \* \*

Dr. Tappan had not a very exalted idea of the beauty of the old law building and the students very well understood this fact. On the final examination in philosophy, he asked a student to give an example of the beautiful, which he did. He then asked him to give an illustration of the opposite; the student promptly

replied, "The law building." The Doctor responded at once, "That is sufficient, you can be excused."

\* \* \*

In those exciting times before and during the war, the students were called to chapel and to recitations by an old bell, something like a farmer's dinner bell, hung upon a post just east of the north wing. It had been through many vicissitudes, and although not provided with legs, had traveled many weary miles. Sometime in the fifties, upon a cold night in December, some students had turned it bottom upward, filled it with water, and held it there till the water had frozen. In doing this trick their hands were rather badly frost bitten, but that was a matter of not serious importance. But before morning by the expansion of the ice, the old bell was slightly cracked and gave forth rather discordant sounds.

\* \* \*

The boys of '61 thought that the old bell was not remarkably musical, and often dis-

turbed their late slumbers in the morning. So one night they took it off of the post, and carried it a mile or two into the woods and hid it. The next morning Jolly came up to the post to ring for chapel as usual; found nothing but the naked post there. Dr. Tappan came promptly on time, and the chapel was unusually full. The Doctor went through with the usual morning services. When he had finished, he looked over at the boys benignantlly and said, "We have kept the old bell out on the post here and employed Jolly to ring it for chapel and recitations, entirely for your benefit and convenience. The members of the Faculty all have clocks and watches, and they can readily be on time to all their duties. We thought that some of the students might not be provided with these, so we furnished the bell. It seems that some one with wisdom superior to ours, has concluded that the bell is no longer necessary, and have removed it. The Faculty have no fault to find with this arrangement at all, and I simply give notice now that recitations will commence promptly at the hour, and that hereafter

the members of the Faculty will only wait for the students two minutes, instead of five minutes as heretofore. That is all, young gentlemen, you can now go to your recitations." The next night the bell was returned, and again properly hung upon the post, and never was disturbed thereafter.

\* \* \*

Dr. Tappan was a high bred gentleman and very exacting in the matter of all the proprieties in regard to his own conduct, and also as to the conduct of students in his presence. He always insisted that a student should take off his hat, when he was addressing a professor. A new comer not well up in the ways of the world, failed to take off his hat when he addressed the Doctor one morning in the chapel. The Doctor looked at him rather sternly, and said, "Excuse me a moment," and reached for his own hat, placed it on his head and then said to the young gentleman, "Now we are on equal footing. If you please, sir, what can I do for you?" The unsophisticated freshman

took the hint at once, and amid the laughter of the other boys, removed his hat and received a lesson in good manners that he probably never forgot.

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Dr. Tappan was a brave and enthusiastic patriot. He loved our country and our government, with an earnest enthusiasm that never flagged. On Friday, April 12, 1861, they fired on Fort Sumpter. The Fort capitulated on the next Saturday, and on the next Sunday was to be evacuated. The announcement came by telegraph. On that Sunday morning in a very impressive manner, the Doctor announced that Fort Sumpter had been fired on, that a great civil war was impending, and that the north must be aroused to defend and save the government. He announced that he would address the citizens of Ann Arbor at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the Court House square. The boys hastily constructed a rude platform of dry-goods boxes on the south side of the square. Dr. Tappan, a little before three

o'clock, came down from the university, with the old chapel Bible under his arm. The Court House square was packed with people from the city and the surrounding country, and the entire Court House square and the street space around the square was filled with people. There was no formality about the matter. Dr. Tappan got upon the platform, read some rousing chapters from the Bible, and commenced his address. You could distinctly hear every word that he said in the farthest part of the square. People listened intently, for all felt that great events were approaching. Dr. Tappan spoke for about two hours, and it was one of the grandest, most patriotic and profound speeches that I ever listened to. From recollection, I will endeavor to give a meagre idea of the substance of his peroration. He closed as follows:

“The God of our forefathers still lives. The same God that guided them in the untold ages of the past, will guide us in the untold ages of the future. God created this earth for the abode of virtue, justice, liberty and truth.

If vice, falsehood, injustice and slavery are to prevail among the nations of this earth, then God has made a serious blunder; but God never makes mistakes, never blunders. Remember your forefathers; their unbending virtue, their sterling love of truth, their undying devotion to liberty, emulate their common senses in action; their perseverance, their courage, their devotion. And if you forget all else, remember, I beseech you, their love and devotion to, and their undying faith in, the goodness and power of Almighty God. Good friends reach up, each one of you reach up, and grasp firmly the strong right hand of the Almighty, cling to it as the drowning mariner clings to the life raft, and when the long and bloody struggle is over, this grand Nation will be saved to freedom, and live long to bless our common humanity."

The next Monday after the above address, Dr. Tappan spoke very earnestly to the students assembled in the chapel, in regard to their duties in the coming conflict. He prophesied that the contest would be long and

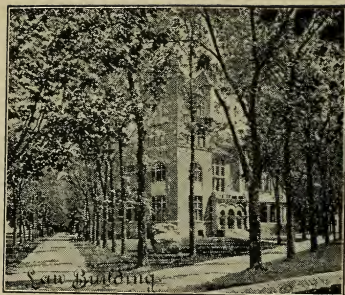


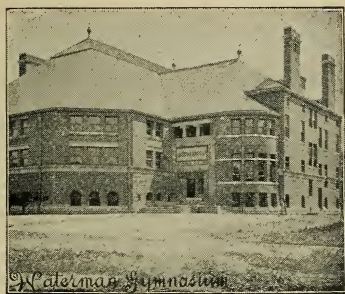
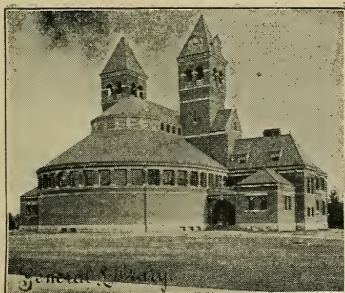
severe, and that the North had already delayed too long in preparing for it. He informed the boys that he had engaged Joseph H. Vance, the present librarian of the Law library, to act as drill master, to prepare the students to properly act their part in the coming conflict. He informed us that he had set apart the room on the first floor at the south end of the south wing of the main building, for a drill room; that Mr. Vance had agreed to commence the work at once, and advised the students to divide themselves into sections of fifty, each section to drill one hour each day. They were to be arranged alphabetically and begin with the senior class. The first fifty were to drill from eight to nine A. M., and so on each hour during the day, closing at six P. M., with an intermission of an hour at noon for dinner.

As soon as chapel exercises closed, the first division of the class of '61, marched over to the drill room and took their first lesson in military manoeuvres. Those of us who were not engaged in recitations, gathered around the room to see the big fellows put through









U. OF M. 1895.



the drill. Mr. Vance arranged them in a row across the room, stood facing them, then started with the order, "About, face," after showing them how this should be done, and he kept them at it for a full hour. At the word, about, their right foot would be turned so as to stand perpendicular to the left; at the word, face, they would turn around so as to face in the opposite direction, and at the end of the hour the big fellows got so they could turn with a good deal of regularity and precision. The next hour Mr. Vance took the next division, and so on worked through the day, and this was kept up until they had finished all the manoeuvres that could be learned in the drill room.

Mr. Vance then formed companies and regiments. One regiment was called the "Tappan Guards," the other, I think, was called the "U. of M. Guards," and the two together, "The University Battalion," and all day long when the weather permitted, the boys were drilling on the campus, and learning military movements and manoeuvres. They used

canes for guns and swords, and enjoyed the exercise as much as the boys do now the gymnasium and the ball games. From early in the morning until late at night, you could see companies and regiments marching and countermarching, and you could hear the orders, form four ranks, right face; without doubling right face; head of column right; head of column left; column right wheel guide left; column left wheel guide right, and so on. This drill continued during the remainder of that college year, and most of the time during the year after, and many brave soldiers and able officers entered the Union army from this drill room, and did valiant service in maintaining our Government in the late Civil War.

The higher officers in our army were always anxious to get students for soldiers and officers. It did not take long for them to learn that bummers, such as pugilists, street brawlers and the like, do not make good soldiers. The noted New York Bummer Regiment, consisting entirely of the brawlers and fighting bummers of that great city, was an utter failure,

and had to be disbanded within a very few months, after they had reached the army. It was very soon demonstrated that the best educated, the most moral and the most intelligent men, in a word, the brightest, best educated and cleanest men, make the best soldiers. The people also learned the important lesson, that indifference to, and toleration of great National evils, is the sure road to self-destruction. The overwhelming power of united thought and action was demonstrated as never before. The men of the North thought that the rebellion must be put down and the Government preserved; and followed the thought with united action, and the rebellion was put down. The men of the North at last unitedly thought that the slave must be free, and almost before the thought was uttered, his shackles fell off. And last, but not least, we learned the great and important lesson, important now and in all times, that if man is lifted up and elevated, if society and our civilization is raised to a higher and purer plane of thought and action, the work must be done in the main

by man himself, and largely by the educated men of pure lives, and of noble character and aspirations.













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